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A DESCRIPTION OF THE ENVIRONS OF INGLEBOROUGH,

AND PRINCIPAL PLACES On the Banks of the River WENNING.

ATTEMPTED BY

THOMAS DIXON, of BENTHAM;

Formerly belonging to the ROYAL REGIMENT of HORSE GUARDS.

KENDAL:

Printed for the AUTHOR by JAMES ASHBURNER.

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MEMBER of PARLIAMENT for the Borough of LANCASTER,

THE FOLLOWING ATTEMPT

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IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

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Environs of Ingleborough, &c.

THE dew-clad graſs untraced, the ſky was clear,
Nor drunkard's oaths as yet had ſtain'd the air,
The riſing ſun gleam'd through the dappled grey,
Serene the morn, the firſt of blooming May;
The vale of WENNING I reſolv'd to tread,
And trace the radiant rambler to its head,
Determin'd INGLEBOROUGH's Mount to climb,
And what I ſaw recite in homely rhyme:
From trackleſs wilds emerg'd, my wond'ring eyes
View'd the flat top, approaching to the ſkies;
Immenſe the proſpect, keen the nipping air,
The Sun clear ſhining, and the weather fair;
The verge with rapture I ſurvey'd around,
Imagination term'd it fairy ground:

Push'd from this height, the rock impetuous leaps
With horrid crash, down miles of dreadful steeps:
The wind then turning south, breath'd soft and mild,
The friendly GENIUS of the mountain smil'd;
My roving fancy to a calm inclin'd,
Strengthen'd my limbs, compos'd my ruffl'd mind.
The distant groves with pleasure I survey'd,
And wide spread plains, that far below me laid.
Here plats of ling, there weather-beaten rocks,
Here moor-game haunt, and there the wily fox.
An hundred hills are from this mountain seen,
As many vales that lie those hills between;
LONGRIDGE and PENDLE, superstition's haunt,
WHERNSIDE and CAM, and lofty PENEGENT;
BLACKCOLM, dread Mountain, at vast distance seen,
And three wide shining sands that lie between,
HARDKNOT and WRYNOSE, two bleak snow-crown'd hills,
Skirted with horrid rocks and dreadful gills:
LECKS-FELL and GRAGARETH for their caverns fam'd,
And KING'S-DALE, from its royal lords so named;

Far

Far from the haunts of man, in a bleak wild,
Where hills on hills above the clouds are pil'd,
Lies this green vale, where thouſands daily graze,
High rocks hang o'er, and thro' a river ſtrays,
Wheels and returns, winds off with many a round,
And wanders twenty miles in one of ground.
A ſtriking object, YORDAS-CAVE, is ſeen,
With awful entrance, and a ſpouting ſtream;
Here gloomy darkneſs reigns in ſullen pride,
With blabbing Echo ſeated by her ſide:
Long hollow groans were heard, with mournful ſighs
To iſſue hence, if legends are not lies;
Near which are ſeen the clefts of GINGLING-COVE,
Its form and depth the curious ne'er could prove;
The falling ſtones from rock to rock rebound,
The dark abyſs returns a tinkling ſound.

The ROUTING-CHASM amazing to behold,
With dreadful yawn intimidates the bold:
The depth unknown, vaſt, diſmal, dark, and wide,
With rugged pointed rocks on every ſide;
A rapid ſtream falls in with hideous roar,
Growls thro' the mountain to ſome diſtant ſhore:

Diſmay

Diſmay arreſts the man that ventures near,
His face turns pale, his courage yields to fear.

See ſtately LUNE ſweep down the verdant vale,
Now ſlowly winding curls with ev'ry gale;
Fair on its banks ſee BURROW-HALL ariſe,
Midſt ſilvan ſcenes that emulate the ſkies:
FENWICK belov'd here nobly pleads for peace,
Feuds fly before him, and contentions ceaſe;
Thoughts immature ne'er harbour'd in his breaſt,
Free his advice, and always for the beſt;
Above temptation, enemy to ſtrife,
And all the lying vanities of life.

Tarniſh'd by time ſee THURLAND CASTLE ſtand
On a green hill, ſurrounded with rich land;
A mould'ring pile, with ſable ivy ſpread,
Weeping her valiant TUNSTAL long ſince dead;
Slain in his country's cauſe on FLODDEN-FIELD he bled.
Round and compact on GREETA's bank appears
BURTON in LONSDALE, fam'd for earth'n wares.
Faſt by this town in nature's liv'ry clad,
A mount of conic form exalts its head;

Invited

Invited here by May fair Flora ſtood,
Smil'd on the town, the grove, the deep-green wood,
The diſtant vale, and ſmoothly-winding flood.

See HALLSTEADS fronting Sol's meridian blaze,
Where happy FOXCROFT calmly ſpends his days.
From thee, drear mountain! CLITHERO's town is ſeen,
And RIBBLE's valley ſhews her lively green:
Few objects may with LANCASTER compare
For ſite and buildings, and ſalubrious air;
GAUNT's venerable pile with awful frown
Nods from the hill, and overlooks the town;
The mighty LUNE below rolls deep and wide,
Where fleets of ſhips with INDIA's produce ride,
And wealth, and welcome tars, flow in with every tide.
The briny deep appears for many a mile,
Fair ULVERSTONE, and WALNEY's lonely iſle;
Hills beyond hills, until the tired eye
Can ſee no further for the bending ſky.

I quit the ſummit to find WENNING's ſpring,
Explore its courſe, its beauteous windings ſing:

Adown the eaſtern ſide flows many a rill,
Which pour thro' moſſy wilds to CLAPDALE's Gill;
Add to the force with which he burſts away
Thro' pits o'erhung by woods, where hid from day
With ſolemn roar reſiſtleſs on he drives,
Drops down a pitfall, thro' a mountain dives,
Breaks out again, from rock to rock he foams,
With headlong rapid rage to CLAPHAM roams;
(Here ſimple village ſwains long ſtories tell
Of fairy gambols round the LADY's WELL)
This charming villa equally divides,
Now murm'ring down the vale to SWINHOUSE glides:
From AUSTWICK flows a ſilver-colour'd ſtream,
United here; here WENNING takes his name.
This gulph profound the ſullen otter haunts,
The ſilent finny tribe ſupply his wants.
Thro' ſpacious fields (which in the mouth of May
With cowſlips ſweet are deckt) he makes his way
To WENNING-HIPPINS, where a verdant plain
Is beautified by GORREL's ſacred fane:
GORREL the friend and lover of mankind,
Adorned with meekneſs, to his God reſign'd;

At HAZEL-HALL live either thou or thine
While WENNING wanders, and the Sun ſhall ſhine.

A varied landſcape gratifies the view,
Of heath, rich paſture, and the wooded SKEW;
In this wide waſte I've wander'd many a time,
When active vigour bleſs'd my youthful prime,
Each thicket, ſwamp, and plain with gun explor'd,
And braky brow, with hares and partridge ſtor'd:
Sagacious TOBY puzzling down the glade
Springs the lone woodcock from the holly ſhade,
He hears th' advancing dog, with terror flies,
The ſhot o'ertakes him, on the ground he dies.

From BOWLAND's KNOTTS and BURNMOOR's cloud-capt crown
Two moſs-ſtain'd, noiſy ſtreams come foaming down:
In KEASDEN's groves they meet, in haſte they glide,
Their dark-brown waves in cryſtal WENNING hide;
Polluted WENNING at the inſult foams,
And raging onward thro' the woodland roams;
Now ſpreading broad, and gleaming with the ſun,
Refin'd from mud, he gently flows along,

Silent

Silent and ſmooth thro' LINGHAW's lawns he glides,
Turns BENTHAM mill, and waſhes TIPTHEAD's ſides.
Here often bleating flocks on SUMMER-HILL,
And lowing herds, reſponſive on the lawn,
The gently-waving wood, the purling rill,
Regale the ſwain at eve or early dawn.
With ſilent dignity here WENNING bends,
And ſmoothly ſweeps to TROUGH-HOLES cavern'd rocks,
Now thund'ring thro' to WINDER-WHEEL deſcends,
A mould'ring breach th' amaz'd ſpectator ſhocks.
When by the ſolar blaze this lake's made warm,
BENTHAM's briſk youths in numbers hither ſwarm;
Joyous they ſtrip, they plunge, they dive, they ſwim,
And ſporting ſwan-like, the clear ſurface ſkim:
Take heed raſh youths, remember WINDER's fate,
Who drowning here, call'd out, but call'd too late;
Lamented youth! for ſwimming known to fame,
This dreadful deep from thee receiv'd its name.

Not far below, on WENNING's breezy ſhore,
(Where purling ſtreams inceſſant tribute pour

Into

Into its ſwelling wave) ſtands THORNTON's ſeat,
Where all the beauties of the country meet:
A vale of fragrance; gardens ſmile around,
And cultur'd fields, with richeſt herbage crown'd.
The well-pleas'd eye a charming villa meets,
BENTHAM the LOW'R, with open winding ſtreets:
Here calm content ſhines in each honeſt face,
They, happy ſwains! breathe unity and peace;
Of politics infirm they ne'er complain,
Nor miniſter, nor admiral they blame,
Nor court, nor camp, nor fleet their thoughts engage,
Nor WASHINGTON they fear, nor LEWIS' rage:
Induſtrious arts ſuppport their frugal life,
They fear not law, for ſeldom have they ſtrife.

See STONEGATE, water'd by a lucid ſtream
That winds round DUNKIRK, nigh to BUXTON-LANE.
A handſome row called CHEAPSIDE next appears,
Of note for trade, and has been many years;
The thump of nodding, loaden ſcales you hear,
And chink of caſh, oft dribbled down with care.

A plain, but decent edifice is ſeen,
Sacred to pious friends, nigh GIBSON's GREEN;

Here gravity is ſeen in ev'ry face,
And frequent ſighings for the inward peace.

The GREENHEAD ſtands upon a gentle ſlope,
Where long I've ſtrugg'd betwixt fear and hope:
Of little conſequence is ſuch a life,
Where all the paſſions wage eternal ſtrife:
Fluſh'd with ſhort joy to day, to morrow ſad,
Now pleas'd, now patient, and now almoſt mad;
Oppreſs'd with care for things of little uſe;
Now tir'd with toil, now merry with my muſe,
Heav'n grant when health ſhall fail by years increaſe,
I may ſit down reſign'd, and die in peace.
The early lark mounts here on quiv'ring wings
Aloft in air, and as he ſoars he ſings.

Below, nigh WENNING, lies a ſhady grove,
Where love-lorn maidens oft are ſeen to rove:
Here cooing ſtock-doves fill the ambient air,
And ſaucy cuckows mock the injur'd fair.
The ſmaller winged tribes their voices raiſe,
In concert join'd they ſing their maker's praiſe:
The grove is melody, the river ſmiles,
Lulls ev'ry paſſion, ev'ry care beguiles.

A venerable pile ſtands on the ſhore,
A gothic fane, built in the days of yore:
Here ſtopt by inſtinct, and rememb'rance dear
Of parents kind, I ſhed the filial tear,
The dear remains of both lie buried here.
Peace to their ſhades! may everlaſting love
Be their eternal ſong in realms above.

Nigh ſtands the RECT'RY, a delightful place,
The ſeat of BUTLER, and abode of peace,
Increaſe of joy be thine, with length of life,
Bleſs'd in thy children, happy in thy wife;
May health be theirs thro' life, till late old age,
And love triumphant, waft them off this ſtage.

The COUNTY's BOUND'RY murmurs down a glade,
Clear is the ſtream, delightful is the ſhade;
Prone flutt'ring down a rock, the whit'ning tide
Is loſt at once in WENNING's copious ſide:
Fancy ne'er painted ſuch a charming ſtream,
Or caſcade lovely, in an airy dream.

See ROBERT's HALL, much fam'd in former time,
Built by two brothers of the JARRET line:

The

The country's ornament and TATHAM's pride,
Inclos'd with woods, not far from WENNING's ſide;
Magnificent tho' plain, an object fair,
A rural palace in ſalubrious air:
Large tow'ring oaks adorn the verdant plains,
And WENNING laves the ſkirts of theſe domains;
High nodding o'er the beach waves a brown wood,
That ſheds dark horror on the glimm'ring flood.

Hail happy HOLMES! delightful, calm retreat;
Of chearful farmers now the pleaſant ſeat:
A fertile ſoil ſurrounds this happy place,
And health and plenty brightens every face:
FLORA with gold embelliſhes the lawn,
CERES the banks with waving yellow corn.

As riſing SOL adds ſplendor to the floods,
So RIDDING gives a luſture to the woods.
Below with gentle current WENNING flows,
Shaded by alders, down to RAVEN's CLOSE.
From this dread breach he wheels to CLINTSFIELD-WOOD,
Then turns to WENNINGTON his bright'ning flood:
Of all the arches that the world could boaſt,
Few ever equal'd that which late here croſs'd

Thy

Thy ſtream, fair WENNING! giddy was the height,
Long was the curve, and the conſtruction light:
Th' ominous hollow mutt'ring of the wind
Portends a deluge to the tim'rous mind;
The burſting clouds, impatient of delay,
Swept this ill-fated edifice away:
Three forlorn hopes diſmay'd upon it ſtood,
With horrid crash it dropt into the flood;
They ſhriek, they're gone, to fly alas too late!
A dreadful fall is theirs, a much lamented fate.

No more of this, here leave the mournful tale,
And trace the mazes of the quiet vale,
To MARSDEN's riſing villa turn thine eyes,
And view the countleſs beauties that ariſe:
See TEASDALE's lodge, where no debate or ſtrife
E'er enter'd to diſturb his happy life,
Becauſe there is
One hall for him, another for his wife.
Deep bow'ry meads and gardens chear my ſight,
And each new ſcene produces new delight.
The park I climb, fann'd by a weſtern breeze
That winnows fragrance thro' the trembling trees:

Here clumps of firs, from ſtorms and heat a ſhield,
High wave in air and ſhade the neighb'ring field;
There a fair pond reflects each flow'r that grows,
And heaven's bright lamp within her boſom glows.
Th' enquiring eye ten thouſand beauties trace,
A laviſh bloom ſmiles round this lovely place:
Long may'ſt thou MARSDEN in thoſe ſhades reſide,
Lov'd by the good, unſullied by low pride.

Balm-breathing groves farewel, I view the ‡ fane
Where pious BRUCE did virtue's cauſe maintain;
With heav'n-born notes the neighb'ring woods reſound,
While WENNING murmurs down the florid ground.
The crimſon-ſpotted trout ſports in the ſtream,
The cautious angler, watchful on the brim,
Below the eddy throws the image-fly,
And gently moves it with a prying eye,
Illuſive bait! alas thou art betray'd,
Tortur'd to death, and in the pannier laid.

The day was hot, I ſought the cooling breeze
On MILLBANK-HILL, amongſt the ſhady trees;
The monarch-oak majeſtic rears his head,
And whit'ning hawthorns balmy fragrance ſhed.

The

‡ TATHAM CHURCH.

The pleaſing proſpect ſeems immenſely wide,
There diſtant mountains riſe, here rivers glide;
A promis'd crop ſmiles in the flow'ry mead,
And ſnow-white flocks the verdant brow o'erſpread;
The bleating ewe recalls her ſporting lamb,
With ſofter note he anſwers to his dam,
Fondly they meet, he tuggs the ſoft'ning teat,
And ſhakes his tail while ſhe re-chews her meat;
The fabl'd beauties of the ELYSIAN field,
By poets feign'd, compar'd with theſe muſt yield:
Invited here by friendly BOND I dine,
And drink a glaſs or two of gen'rous wine.

But now the ſun flam'd down the weſtern ſky,
And length'ning ſhades proclaim'd the evening nigh;
Due thanks return'd I march, my tour not done,
For HORNBY CASTLE yet remains unſung.
A rock ſupports thy weight by WENNING's ſide;
Large is this ſtructure, long the villa's pride:
A lofty tow'r and turret points the ſkies,
From which a golden eagle ſeems to riſe.
This ancient dome, this venerable pile,
Once STANLEY's ſeat, the guardian of our iſle;

Proſtrate

Proſtrate on Flodden's mount, with loyal heart,
The chieftain vow'd if God would take his part,
A church and tow'r at Hornby he would raiſe,
There joyful ſing his great deliverer's praiſe.
His prayer is anſwer'd from the beamy ſkies,
A winged death from Stanley's bow ſwift flies,
And Scotland's king on Flodden-Field dead lies.
A beauteous tower and altar then appear'd,
But Stanley died before the church was rear'd,

Deign Rawlinson thy ſervant to forgive,
Thy name will help his little ſong to live;
The graceful gentleman is ſeen in thee,
Unblemiſh'd honour, from diſſenſion free;
Benevolence with condeſcenſion join'd,
Friend to the poor, and to thy neighbours kind;
Thy modeſty perhaps theſe lines may blame,
Tho' aim'd at truth they're ſhort of common fame.

FINIS.